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# Judge

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## ON THE ROAD TO DENVER.

Making a monkey of the Democratic Party.

# Judge

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## WOULDN'T THIS JAR YOU?

ON FRIDAY (an unlucky day) in Kansas City, so they say, these words were spoke by Wm. J.: "I shall not volunteer—that's straight—as presidential candidate. But if I'm drafted, I assert, I never, never will desert." Momentous day! momentous word! Through Christendom no sound was heard; no wheels in Kansas City stirred; while man and beast stood all aghast at thought of sacrifice so vast. Oh, shyly fragrant mignonette! oh, modest, shrinking violet! Thou hidest 'mid thy western grass till delegates may chance to pass and pluck thee from thy humble way, to make of thee a vast bouquet. But, Willie, heed our warning, dear; you'd really better volunteer. Perhaps in Denver, in July, when mighty hot-air currents ply—perhaps, despite your gentle craft, you'll not be sitting in the draught!

* * *

THE Pope has imposed "greater excommunication" upon all persons connected with the monthly review, *Il Rinnovamento*, a "modernist" Catholic journal published in Milan. Christian burial is denied to editors, proof-readers—even printer's devils—and the gates of heaven are shut to them all. JUDGE respectfully recalls the case of a certain ancient king who caused his throne to be set upon the shore, where, with sceptre in hand, he bade the tide to cease its flow. Men's minds are hard to rule. Even Bryan cannot make his meek and lowly south accept government ownership of railroads.

* * *

## WHALES.

THE sixth annual meeting of the Vertebrate Paleontologists of America, held recently in New Haven, took action to save the whale from extermination. It is a large matter, and should receive popular support. JUDGE hopes that the next annual message emanating from the White House will urge Congress to establish whale-preserves in different parts of our national domain. Patriotic citizens everywhere interested in nature-study will endeavor, we are sure, to raise at least one whale from seed. It is possible that planting slips will have as satisfactory results, though advice from your nearest nurseryman would be desirable. Every married man must know where he can go to get a bit of whalebone.

* * *

THE keeper of a St. Louis insane-asylum took all of his women inmates shopping during the Christmas rush. He says that the experience was beneficial to them. Another proof that like cures like—a hair of the dog to heal the bite.

## A NEEDED REFORM.

WALKER, the absconding Connecticut bank cashier, is in the hands of the law. He is a man of excellent appearance, dignified, gray-haired, as befits so earnest a church-worker as he was while he lived at home. When the law takes its course there will be very many letters from sympathetic folk, urging clemency, even pardon; and when he reaches jail he will be overwhelmed with bouquets and worsted slippers. It is always the case. The worse the crime the more the prisoner appeals to sympathies such as these. JUDGE, too, is sympathetic. But we see a greater end to strive for. Reform is needed in our jails. There are not enough of the comforts of life there—not enough that is bright and lovely. But the only true reform comes from within. The trouble with our jails is that they harbor too many uncultured people. The tastes therein are low, often depraved. A few gentlemen inmates will work wonders. Think of Thaw in the Tombs! Since he has been there Delmonico has served Christmas dinners within its walls. Good cigars are the rule rather than the exception. So it goes. Let the reform watchword re-echo through the land, "More gentlemen in our jails!" It is a noble charity. Everyone should put a shoulder to the wheel.

* * *

## OUR OWN THEATRICAL PATENT.

A WOMAN in Hartford has cut off a certain local dramatic association in her will because she received tickets for rear seats at a special performance given in one of the local theatres. Unfortunately the average theatre is not dependent upon philanthropy. Perhaps that is why some, even of our New York houses, can afford to sell seats from which the stage is invisible. As we cannot pound our managers into submission and compel them to eliminate these chairs, let us appeal to their pocket-books. JUDGE has a scheme deserving of more detailed description and greater publicity than this space allows—in a word, it is a system of mirrors arranged along the rear wall of the establishment, and the reversal of all back-row seats, chairs immediately behind pillars and those in nooks and alcoves, so that all theatre-goers who might otherwise find that they had drawn a blank when facing the stage would under this system find themselves actually in the bald-headed row when facing the mirrored wall.

Let us go further and suggest that all seats be reversable; for there have been occasions when we ourselves, sitting in an actual front row, have found the reality almost too much for our ungoggled eyes, and we should have enjoyed the occasional relief of a subdued reflection. Think it over, managers; we claim a royalty.

*Owing to the increased significance of* JUDGE'S *great Limerick Contest, full announcement has been postponed until next week. Don't miss it.*

## THE STUTTERING SONNETEER.

SOULFUL SONGS OF THE HUMBLE COUNTER-JUMPER TO THE HAUGHTY SALESLADY.

*By Sus-sus-Sam S. Sus-sus-Stinson.*

II.

I SUS-SUS-SAW you sus-sus-smile at me
A while ago. Oh, bub-bub-bub-bub-bliss!
Ah, had it bub-bub-been a kuk-kuk-kiss
How happy I should bub-bub-bub-bub be!
But still, my love, I dud-dud-do not see
Why you should plunge me in a deep abyss
By sus-sus-sometimes smiling sweet, like this,
And sometimes mocking my infirmity?

Could I walk with you up the avenue
When you go home to where you bub-bub-board,
I'll tut-tut-tell you what I'd dud-dud-do.
I'd bub-bub-buy, my a-dud-dud-dud-dud-dored,
A bunch of violets for yuh-yuh-you,
The biggest one I kuk-kuk-could afford.

## SETTING AN EXAMPLE.

ZEUS had just killed Phaëthon with a bolt of lightning, and the chariot of the sun was stopped in time to save a serious conflagration, but not until the Ethiopians had been permanently charred.

"There!" he chuckled. "I guess if those in authority will follow my example in dealing with these reckless drivers the general public will be considerably safer."

FREE WILL.

"Ah'm told yo' Souf Carolinian delegates will be uninstructed?"

"'Deed, yas, sah. We am free as air jes' so long as we do wot Mistah Cortelyou tells us."

## DANNY DEEVER O' THE SEAS.

"WHAT makes the fishes look so sad?" said Landsmen-On-Parade.

"They're feelin' so, they're feelin' so," the Nature Faker said.

"But, then, what makes 'em look so thin?" said Landsmen-On-Parade.

"A-starvin', sir, a-starvin', sir," the Nature Faker said.

"They've got the Lusitania and others on the ocean
So bloomin' big an' steady that they don't 'ave any motion,
An' the folks who go a-travelin' 'ave 'eld back their devotion,
So there ain't no one to feed 'em in the mornin'."

G. W. HUSTED, JR.

## A GOOD MAN.

"YOUR dead husband wor a good mon," declared the sympathetic Mrs. Casey to the bereaved widow.

"He wor!" exclaimed Mrs. Murphy, dashing the tears from her eyes. "No two polacemin cud handle him."

## 'TIS HUMAN.

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said,
As he stubbed his toe against the bed,
! ! ! ? ? ? ! ! ! ? — !

"SNOWIN' AGAIN, EH? WE *NEED* SNOW!"

## PROFESSIONAL ADVICE.

"DOCTOR," said the convalescent, smiling weakly, "you may send in your bill any day, now."

"Tut, tut!" replied the m.d., silencing his patient with a wave of his hand. "You're not strong enough yet."

## AMBIGUOUS.

*Clergyman*—"You can, however, comfort yourself with the thought that you made your husband happy while he lived."

*Widow*—"Yes, indeed! Dear Jack was in heaven until he died."

---

MOST things that are bought go to the buyer—except coal, and that goes to the cellar.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD.

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

ELSIE JANIS IN "THE HOYDEN."

The chilliest First-nighter smiles,
His frozen bosom melts; he
Claps and stamps and cheers the wiles
Of fair, contrary Elsie!

## JUDGE'S DECISIONS.

THE beam in most men's eye is I.

There are social lions in asses' skins.

On shipboard a man finds it hard to hold his own.

False teeth help many a man to keep a stiff upper lip.

A man often burns his fingers when he has too many irons in the fire.

Many a man wears a long face from continually crawling through knot-holes.

When a man has one foot in the grave he's mighty glad he was born a biped.

Some people trip themselves up in their frantic effort to put their best foot foremost.

## SAW IT COMING AND SHIED.

*Miss Leftover* (coyly)—"Mr. Slowboy, did you know that 1908 is exactly divisible by four?"

*Mr. Slowboy*—"Is, eh? Er—that reminds me. My car is due in just four minutes—have to be going. Please hand me my hat, will you, if you are through sitting on it."

INCENTIVE LACKING.

"What a distinguished-looking man Lord Muttinchoppe is! I wonder if he is over here looking for an American wife?"

"Why, of course not! Didn't you know he is very wealthy?"

EASY NUMBERS NEEDED.

"One, two, three! Wish I lived there. I could remember that number."

## THE IRISHMAN'S RETORT.

AN Irishman was hurrying along past a ten-story building, recently, when suddenly the falling body of a man struck him from above and knocked him to the sidewalk.

"Phat did ye do thot fer?" demanded the Irishman, rising painfully to his feet.

"You saved my life!" cried the other man in return, following the Irishman's example and scrambling to his feet. "I fell out of that second-story window up there, and you broke my fall."

"Begorry!" retorted the dazed Celt, "Oi hope some day Oi'll fall down on ye frum th' top av th' buildin' an' break yure neck!"

## REASONABLY SURE.

*She*—"Lois writes for the magazines."

*He*—"She'll get 'em if she sends the price."

## TOUGH.

*Frayed Fagin*—"Here's a piece in de paper about a feller wot's goin' ter swim from Philadelphia to New York."

*Lilyfield Toilnot*—"Well, it's a tough git-away; but yer can't hardly blame him if dat's de only way he could manage it."

THE ODOR LINGERED.

"My good child, can it be possible that I smell tobacco?"

"Yes, sir: I kin smell it myself. They was some bad boys hangin' round this same corner all day yisterday, smokin' cigarettes."

## A NORTH-POLE HONEYMOON.

I HAVE a sledge that's filled with furs,
A reindeer four-in-hand, sweet soul.
To me it happily occurs
A honeymoon at the North Pole,
Where we can be alone, my love,
And freeze together with a kiss,
And on the polar heights above
In ice-cream sodas find our bliss.

Come, let my reindeers caracole,
The runners of my sledge grow hot.
Th' Ultima Thule of my soul
Will cool said runners like as not.

Ecstatic gargoyles of Jack Frost
Adorn our icy little cot;
Cold-storage eggs, at half the cost,
We'll boil in some stalactite pot.
Come, let us freeze together, love,
And hibernate like loving bears,
And squeeze together hand in glove—
The Pole alone is free from cares.

WALTER BEVERLEY CRANE.

### CHANGED HIS HOURS.

HE USED to rise at early dawn just for the sun and air;
He argued that we needed all of that there was to spare.
But now he rises oft at night in anger and despair,
And goes without a lot of sleep just for the son and heir.

### TOO MUCH CORNSTARCH.

LITTLE Johnnie doesn't like to be kissed, but sometimes he is compelled by some gushing friends of his mother's to submit to the ordeal. The last time they called he went through the operation as gracefully as possible; but after their departure he remarked, vigorously rubbing the powder from his face,

"Mamma, I don't like to have them kiss me. It tastes just like kissing a marshmallow."

### TO OTHERS.

*Ella*—"I know that I don't play a very good game of whist, but I only play cards for amusement."

*Stella*—"Well, your game is certainly amusing."

---

MANY a man, when being married, has said "I wilt" instead of "I will."

HOPELESS.

"Now don't ask me another question. Little boys should not be too inquisitive?"

"Why mustn't I ask you any more, daddy? And what's *inquisitive?*"

PRACTICAL, BUT NOT SENTIMENTAL.

MISS ROSEBUD—"I s'pose yo' knows dat Jim Jackson has sent me a sealed proposal?"

MR. JOHNSON (*Jim's rival*)—"Heavens! Jes' like as ef yo' was a excavatin' contractor a garbage estimate!"

### THE WRITER OF THE HOUR.

EACH crisis brings its figure forth
In realms quite unsuspected.
Portentous is the present one
Before our gaze projected.

Vox Populi for countless years
A trenchant pen has wielded,
While Veritas for stirring thoughts
The palm to none has yielded.

Full long has Constant Reader been
A wise and learnèd critic;
Full long has Old Subscriber shown
His powers analytic.

Pro Bono Publico has been
A veritable Nestor;
And now to join the shining band
Comes Innocent Investor.

MCLANDBURGH WILSON.

### NO WONDER.

*Mike*—"How foine th' polacemin in th' park look!"

*Pat*—"An' phoy not? Don't aich wan hov a nurse?"

### DON'T YOU THINK SO?

(*A few new definitions.*)

LOVE—Idol talk.

Stork—A social outcast.

Woman—Man's *one* illusion.

Kisses—Cupid's firecrackers.

Chauffeur—One who always takes life easily.

Clubman—The man who doesn't feel *at home* at home.

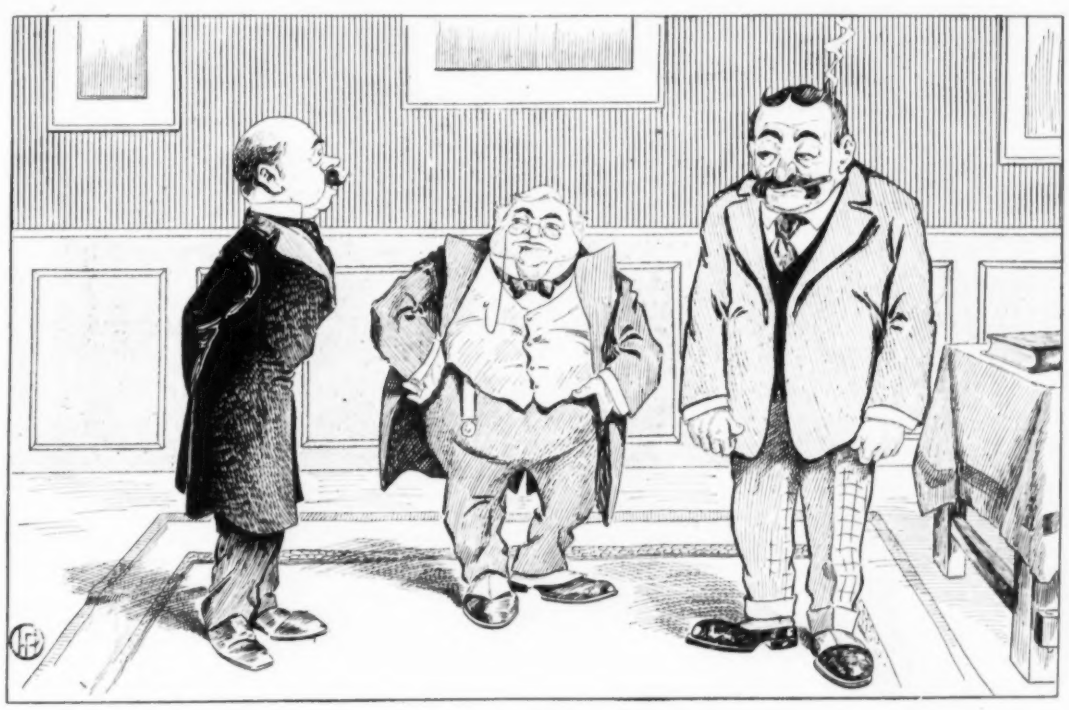
Bore—One who persists in talking about his own automobile when you want to talk about yours.

WALTER PULITZER.

### FOOLISH MAN!

*Mrs. Hoyle*—"How did your husband come to smoke himself to death?"

*Mrs. Doyle*—"He did it all one Saturday. He had accepted an invitation to spend Sunday at a place where they didn't allow smoking."

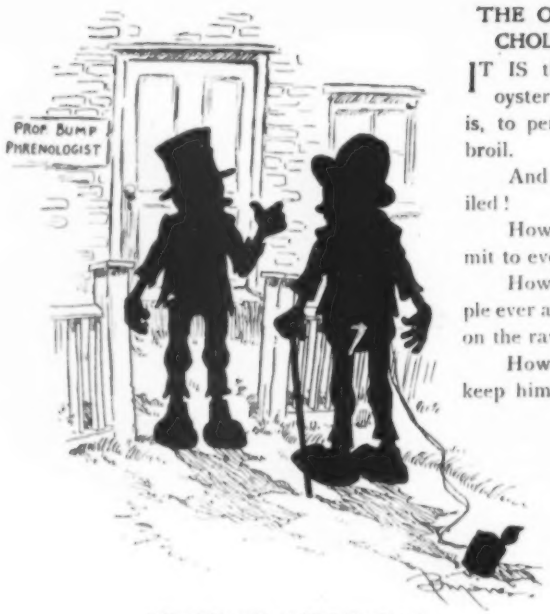


THE VERY IDEA!

"There was a great deal of excitement down at the Press Club last night."

"What was the matter?"

"A newspaper man joined."




IMPORTANT INFORMATION.
"Just bin in havin' me head examined, Willie."
"Wot did he tell yer?"
"Told me I needed er shampoo."

## THE OYSTER, PSYCHOLOGICALLY.

IT IS the fate of the oyster, peaceful as he is, to perish in many a broil.

And how he is deviled!

How he must submit to everyone's sauce!

How delighted people ever are to touch him on the raw!

How they love to keep him in hot water!

What a stew he is frequently in!

Poor oyster! His case is, indeed, uncommonly hard.

Quiet always, mild to placidity, yet he participates in nightly scenes of debauch and revel.

He frequents midnight suppers, companions of wild revisterers of every degree.

His very name suggests irregularity of living, late hours, riotous company, unwholesome haunts, unlimited potations.

And yet ladies and gentlemen, the highest and most exclusive, have him at dinner, not only without scruple, but with undisguised pleasure. There would be a blank at the board without him.

What a creature of fate, indeed, is the oyster!

His earliest close associate a heartless rake.

Later in life welcome guest of the high, the mighty, the brave, the fair.

His inevitable end and epitaph: "In the Soup!" ED MOTT.

## COCKTAILS UP TO DATE.

THE proprietor of a Broadway café, profiting by the publicity given to the famous buttermilk decoction, has added to his wine list the following names of cocktails served by him:

Soul Mate.
High Avenue.
Bee Caws.
Annie Moore.
Affinity.
Beam Eye.
May Knott.
My Wife.

And he further says the list will be just as interesting if read from the bottom upward. WILL LEWIS.

THE FIRST TASK.
HIS REVERENCE—"Pat, Pat! you're making a mistake in teaching a child of such tender years to smoke the pipe."
PAT—"Make yure moind aisy, father. 'Tis not thot Oi'm afther doin'—Oi'm only weanin' th' little divil frum th' bottle, do ye moind?"

## THE REASON.

THE speaker was plainly excited.

"Why in thunder!" he shouted, "did you misrepresent the points of that dog you sold me? You claimed that he was a coon-dog—a coon-dog! Why, he couldn't trail a polecat across a tennis-court."

"Well, well, well!" muttered the person addressed, "that's strange—very strange. While it is true that I have never hunted coons myself with that dog, I was certain that he was a coon-dog because he wasn't worth a cuss at anything else."

## A HUMORIST'S EPITAPH.

HERE lies a paragrapher—good things he writ.
He met his death by falling down a shaft of wit.

FIFTEEN POUNDS.
But—he used Brother Bill's fish-scales.

## IT CAME TRUE.

"YOU are the sunshine of my life!"
I said. Sardonic prophecy!
I cried, my soul with rapture rife,
"You are the sunshine of my life!"
She's still my sunshine. As my wife
She often makes it hot for me.
"You are the sunshine of my life!"
I said. Sardonic prophecy!

## SIMPLE EXERCISES WITH COAL-HODS.

THE expense of a complicated gymnasium outfit having prevented many persons from becoming strong and robust, we have had the following simple exercises devised by a leading expert. These exercises may be performed by anyone owning two coal-hods, and should be done immediately upon rising in the morning. A good costume is an easy-fitting nightie or a graceful suit of pajamas.

1. Place the two hods about six feet apart and about the same distance in front of the coal-bin. Grasp the coal-shovel lightly in both hands and stand erect, facing the bin. Breathe deeply twenty-five times; then bend from the waist and insert shovel in coal. Fill shovel. Rise slowly to the perpendicular and bend backward as far as possible, throwing the coal quickly over the head into the right-hand hod. Repeat movement, throwing coal into left-hand hod. Alternate regularly, and continue until both hods are full of coal.

2. Grasping a coal-hod lightly in each hand, run quickly up stairs from basement to attic, and then down stairs from attic to basement. Repeat until tired, or until interrupted by other lodgers or members of the family. Be careful to keep the shoulders well squared and not spill any coal.

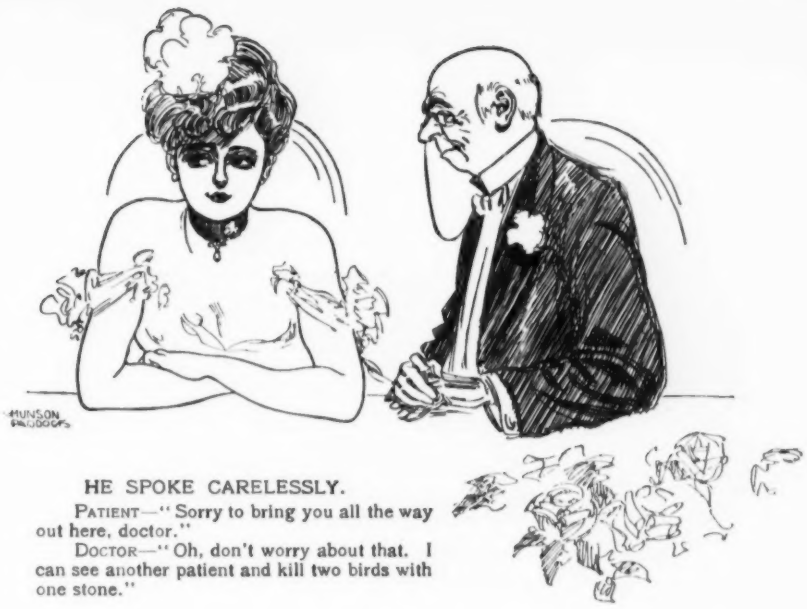
3. Standing in the centre of the drawing-room, bend from waist and grasp the handle of one hod firmly with both hands. Rise slowly to upright position and with extended arms swing the hod around your head in a rapid circle. If properly executed, the force of this movement will retain the coal in the hod, so that if any spills out you may know at once that you are doing it too slowly for the best results. Swing hod until tired (that is, until you are tired); then arrest movement, with arms extended. Bend from waist and restore hod to first position.

4. Seat yourself firmly in a chair, with one foot in each hod, the handle of each hod being over the instep. Keep the legs perfectly stiff, and raise hods alternately with right and left foot. Regulate the speed of this exercise accordingly as you wish to imagine you are climbing a hill or running a race. Be careful not to spill any of the coal.

5. Holding a hod nicely balanced on the palm of each hand, extend arms to full length. Now, without disturbing the balance of the hods, slowly bend the elbows and bring the hods in toward the shoulders. Take a deep breath, count thirty, and again extend the arms as at first. Do not continue this exercise after it begins to make you nervous.

After these exercises a cold sponge is desirable. A simple way to be always sure of having a cold sponge is to keep your sponge in the ice-chest.

RALPH BERGENGREN.



HE SPOKE CARELESSLY.

PATIENT—"Sorry to bring you all the way out here, doctor."

DOCTOR—"Oh, don't worry about that. I can see another patient and kill two birds with one stone."

SEEING THE ZOO.

"And this is the Mammoth Cave!"

A SIXTH SENSE.

BOBBY—"Sister must be able to see in the dark."

MOTHER—"How so?"

BOBBY—"Because last night, when she was sitting with Mr. Staylate in the parlor, I heard her say, 'Why, Tom, you haven't shaved!'"

## GIVING HIMSELF UP.

A WILD-EYED man, with clothes badly torn and bedraggled, limped into court during the night session, recently, and stood before the magistrate.

"Your honor," imparted he weakly, while the spectators listened with interest, "as I was climbing through a window in my house—my wife being away and I having lost my latch-key—a policeman crept up on me and, pouncing on me for a burglar, arrested me in spite of my explanation, and started with me for the police-station. On the way this officer was run down by an automobile. Observing that the guilty chauffeur was speeding on toward escape, I ran down the street after him as fast as I could, intending to capture him or find out his number. Hardly had I run a block when I collided with a fat policeman, who at once arrested me for disorderly conduct. As this policeman was conducting me down the street he fell through a coal-hole, and that was the last I saw of him. Determined to give myself up, however, I came on alone; but just as I reached the next corner I was run over by a police-patrol, which, I presume, was hurrying to the scene of the first accident, and when I scrambled to my feet to climb into the patrol, it was out of sight. So here I am at last, your honor; and, for God's sake! lock me up on the new charge, whatever that may be, so that I shall be safe somewhere, and off the streets the rest of this terrible night."


**Massage of the Scalp**

—a combination of scalp cleaning and intelligent exercise of the scalp—is a hygienic measure that should be systematically employed by all.
A good lather of

**Packer's Tar Soap**

well rubbed into the scalp is an unsurpassed hair tonic. Send for our booklet, "The Value of Systematic Shampooing," which tells how and why.

THE PACKER MANUFACTURING CO.
Suite 87N, 81 Fulton St., New York

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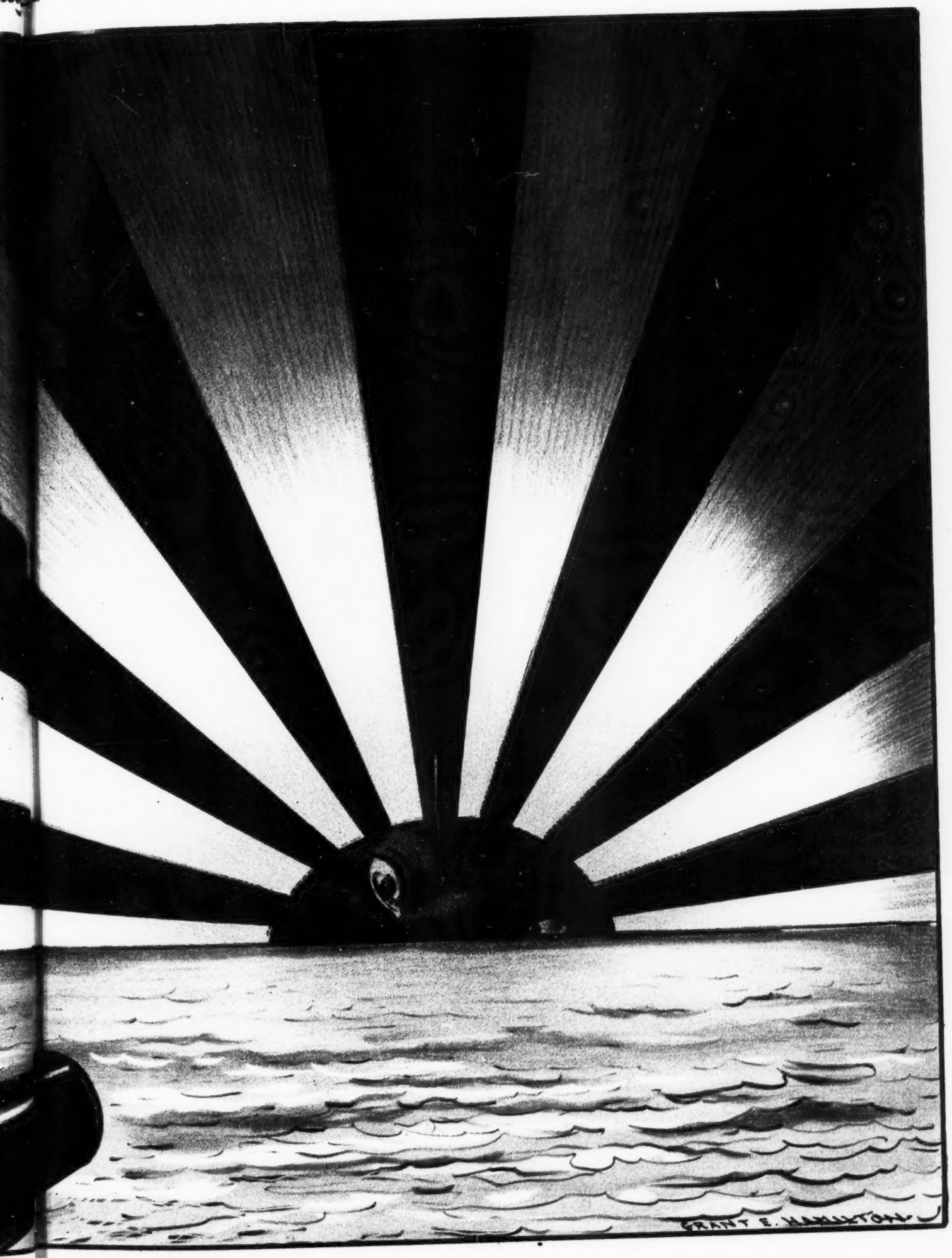
PA[illegible]C

"For a Frolic or [illegible]ight




PA IC?

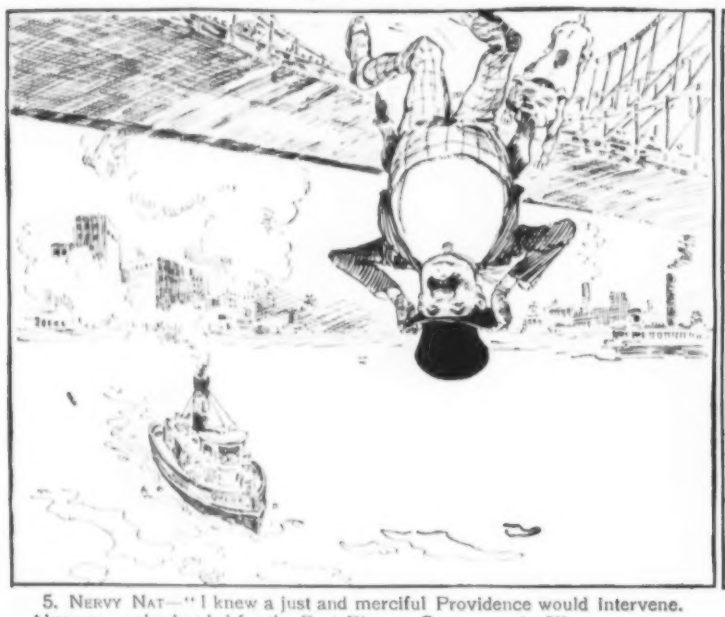
lic or ight."—*Bob Evans.*

1. Nervy Nat—"Suffering snakes! did one ever see such bedlam? Algernon, an idea strikes me that you and I and a big stick could regulate this thing. To-morrow at six we will hold the bridge against all comers."

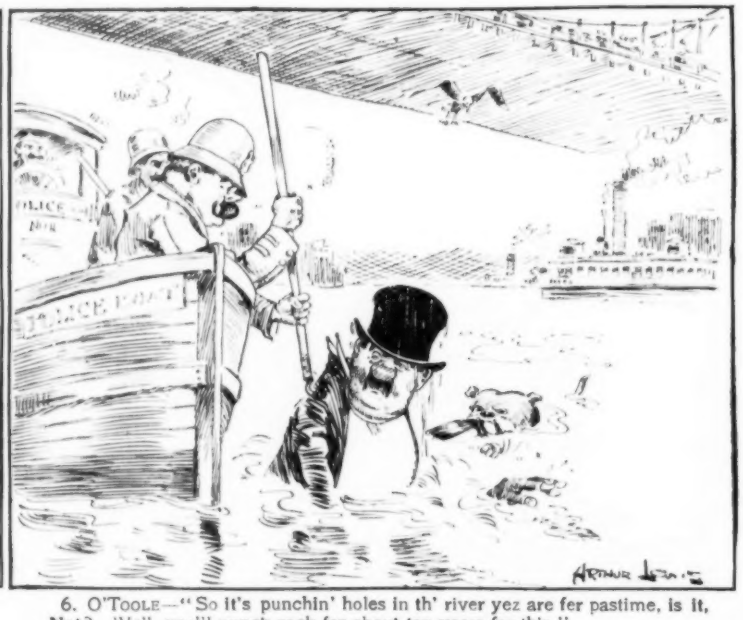
2. Nervy Nat—"Back, you swine! Women and children first. I'm the new traffic cop on this beat, and if there's any shoving to be done I'll do it."
Chorus of Brooklynites—"He's a spotter for the company! Knock his block off!"

3. Chorus of Brooklynites—"Kill him! Get the hook! Rouse mit him!"
Nervy Nat—"Great Scott! the cane-rush in my college days was pussy-in-the-corner compared to this; and some ungrateful and benighted pusher of baby-carriages has hit me in the off optic with an apple. Oh, Brooklyn! what crimes are committed in thy name!"

4. Nervy Nat—"Eternal Edison! but I can't stand this much longer. My back teeth are all loose now; but, worst of all, I'm bound for Brooklyn. Algernon, jam the helm hard to starboard, and we'll try another tack."



5. Nervy Nat—"I knew a just and merciful Providence would intervene. Algernon, we're headed for the East River. Can you swim?"



6. O'Toole—"So it's punchin' holes in th' river yez are fer pastime, is it, Nat? Well, yez'll punch rock fer about ten years fer this."
Nervy Nat—"O'Toole, I appreciate the logic of your remarks; only let me add that your allusion to ten years is preferable to ten minutes in Brooklyn. Is my hat on straight?"

NO. 32.—NERVY NAT ATTEMPTS TO REGULATE THE BRIDGE CRUSH.

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**NOTE.—The First Series of Nervy Nat's Adventures is now ready, handsomely bound, in book-form. Price, 75 cents; 10 cents additional for postage when ordered by mail. Address JUDGE COMPANY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.**

# Virtues Unseen

There are conspicuous virtues which are quite common in beers. It would be folly for one to omit them.

But purity is a hidden virtue most conspicuous in its after-effects. Without it a beer may still be good to the taste.

And purity costs more than all other costs of brewing. That is why it is rare.

The distinction of Schlitz lies in its absolute purity. It is healthful, and it cannot cause biliousness.

That is a virtue which we deem all important. Don't you?

*Ask for the Brewery Bottling. See that the cork or crown is branded Schlitz.*

**Schlitz**

**The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous**

THE CONSPICUOUS MERITS OF

**HUNTER**

**BALTIMORE**

**RYE**

ARE PURITY, QUALITY AND UNIFORM EXCELLENCE GUARANTEED UNDER THE NATIONAL PURE FOOD LAW AN ABSOLUTELY PURE RYE WHISKEY

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The less a man thinks of his neighbor the more he thinks of himself.—*Ex.*


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Each capsule bears the name MIDY

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FOR MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS

We have made the cure of Blood Poison a specialty. Blood Poison Permanently Cured. You can be treated at home under the same guaranty. Capital, $500,000. We solicit the most obstinate cases. If you have exhausted the old methods of treatment and still have aches and pains, Mucus Patches in Mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, write for proofs of cures. 100-page Book Free.

**COOK REMEDY CO.,**

1480-55 State St., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.


### FAIR AVERAGE.

*Nibbs*—"Do you suppose it's ever possible to come anywhere near the size of a man's income?"

*Diggs*—"Yes; just take the figure he gives to the assessor, add it to the figure he tells his friends, and then divide the result by two, and you'll have it near enough."—*Illustrated Bits.*

**Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing** Syrup the best remedy for their children. 25c. a bottle.

### PROFESSIONAL ETHICS.

"You'll have to send for another doctor," said the one who had been called, after a glance at the patient.

"Am I so sick as that?" gasped the sufferer.

"I don't know just how sick you are," replied the man of medicine; "but I know you're the lawyer who cross-examined me when I appeared as an expert witness. My conscience won't let me kill you, and I'll be hanged if I want to cure you. Good-day."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Do you get up tired and feel tired all day? Try a tablespoonful of Abbott's Bitters in sweetened water before meals. At grocers' or druggists'.

### NOTHING COULD DO IT.

*Mrs. Nagget*—"I see by the paper that a certain sewing-machine manufacturer claims his machine will take the place of a dozen women"——

*Mr. Nagget*—"Huh! It must have a phonograph attachment."—*Philadelphia Press.*

### WILD INDEED.

*Harold*—"What's your favorite wild game?"

*Helen*—"Oh! football, by all means."—*Illustrated Bits.*

**PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.**

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding, or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

### A HAPPY MEDIUM.

Uncle inquired of little Bobby if he had been a good little boy.

*Bobby*—"No, I haven't."

*Uncle*—"Why, I hope you haven't been very bad."

*Bobby*—"Oh, no; just comfortable."—*Delaware County Democrat.*

As soon as the honeymoon is over a man discovers that his wife isn't an angel—then he quits posing as a saint.—*Ex.*

### TOBACCO AND HYGIENE.

**Smoking Declared To Be an Aid to Digestion, a Preserver of the Teeth, and a Prolonger of Life.**

Another of the intermittent discussions on the merits and demerits of tobacco has been notly carried on in the English newspapers, and the smokers would seem to have come off victorious.

Nicotine, says the London *Tribune*, is colorless, a violent narcotic, but it is an antidote to strychnine. It is not present in large quantities in tobacco, ranging from 1 to 9 per cent. It is largely consumed and destroyed in smoking, and is not inhaled. The dark oil which forms in the bowl of the pipe is popularly regarded as nicotine, but this is erroneous. It is the water of tobacco in combination with the soot and tar of the smoke. Nicotine forms an infinitesimal part, less than one-ten-thousandth, of all the constituents of tobacco smoke. Strenuous anti smokers lose sight of the fact that tobacco is smoked, not swallowed. Theine and caffeine, the essential elements of tea and coffee, are more poisonous than nicotine

Mr. Penn, whose book on "The Soverane Herb" is a classic among smokers, contends that tobacco helps digestion and assists the action of the intestines. An after-breakfast pipe, he says, is better than a dose of salts. He asserts that tobacco preserves the teeth from decay, and that after one has reached the age of 30 the use of tobacco will prolong life and preserve the mind.

Pipe smoking is generally conceded to be the most wholesome, providing the tobacco be pure. For outdoor smoking the best is a fine cut sliced plug, such as "Lucky Strike," which is deliciously fragrant, gives a long, cool smoke, does not bite the tongue and is not easily blown out of the bowl.

As a prophylactic, tobacco is unequaled. In bacteriological laboratories smoking is prohibited, as destructive to bacilli. During the great plague in London not one person engaged in the tobacco trade was attacked.

Mr. Penn declares that in epidemics of diphtheria, scarlet fever, typhus, and typhoid, it is wise to let young people smoke as a guard against contagion.

When cholera was raging in Southern Europe in 1885, and people were dying by thousands none of the 4,000 women engaged in the National Tobacco Factory at Valencia was attacked.

History amply proves, he adds, that tobacco, properly used, is a friend to man, rather than a deadly enemy, as it has so frequently been portrayed. * * *

**White Rock**

"The World's Best Table Water"

A FOOLISH QUESTION.

YOUNG MADAM (*to small boy*)—"Are you the oldest in the family?"
BOY—"Nope. Ma and pa are both older than I am."

**DO YOU EVER THINK ABOUT OWNING YOUR OWN HOME?**

IF YOU are thinking about Building a House an investment of $1.00 now will save you hundreds of dollars in building a house, by getting the latest and most practical ideas of the noted and capable architect, Mr. George Palliser. We therefore desire to call your special attention to our new book just issued and containing over

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This book is a collection of practical designs showing examples of houses recently built, and invaluable to everyone thinking of building, by reason of their having been, with very few exceptions, planned in the ordinary course of a busy architect's practice during the last few years, and built in various parts of the country within the prices given.

Full description accompanies each plate, giving sizes, height of stories, how built and finished, and improvements contained, thus giving information of very great value to everyone contemplating building, as the plans and designs embody the best thought and most careful study of those erecting them, giving real results as to cost and a guide that is safe to follow. These designs and plans have, therefore, a value that can be fully appreciated for their practical utility, and stand alone as real examples of how some people's homes are planned and what they cost.

To those wanting homes or selling home-sites, members of building associations, land companies, real-estate men, those having land to improve, carpenters and builders, and everyone interested or who ever hopes to own a home, these designs are invaluable and will prove of very great value to them. It contains 115 large pages, size 11 x 14 inches. Price, bound in heavy paper cover, sent by mail, postpaid, $1.00. Bound in cloth, $2.00. Sent by mail, postpaid, to any address on receipt of price. Address all orders with remittances to

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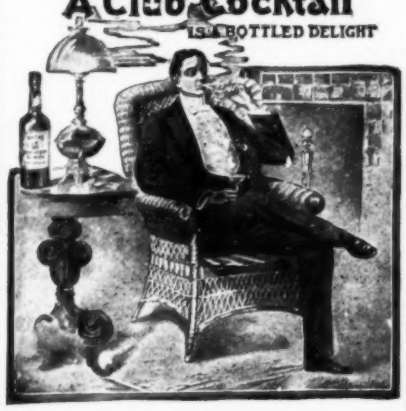
# 1786

Ales May Come
And Ales May Go
But **EVANS'**
Goes on Forever

# 1908

## A Club Cocktail

IS A BOTTLED DELIGHT



THOUSANDS have discarded the idea of making their own cocktails—all will after giving the CLUB COCKTAILS a fair trial. Scientifically blended from the choicest old liquors and mellowed with age make them the perfect cocktails that they are. Seven kinds, most popular of which are Martini (Gin base), Manhattan (Whiskey base).

The following label appears on every bottle:

**Guaranteed under the National Pure Food and Drugs Act, Approved June 30th, 1906. Serial No. 1707.**

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.

Hartford New York London


"Pity is akin to love." And a mighty poor relation.—*Ex.*

### A FAVORITE RETREAT.

When Secretary Cortelyou left the Department of Commerce and Labor to assume direction of the Post-office Department he took with him a very dignified and gentlemanly old darkey messenger.

A day or so after Mr. Cortelyou's assumption of his new dignities, the old messenger was dozing in his chair just outside the ante-room of the Postmaster-General when another messenger approached him, saying,

"There's a gentleman in the room across the hall who wants to see Mr. Cortelyou."

"He can't see him," was the firm reply.

"But he says he *must* see him," persisted the second messenger.

"I don't know nothin' about dat," returned the old chap; "but I do know dat nobody kin see Mr. Cortelyou. He's jest gone to his sanctum sanitarium."—*Lippincott's.*

### FULLY TESTED.

"How do you know that young man can support you in the way you have been accustomed to?"

"Oh, father, I'm sure of it. He 's supported an automobile for six months, and that's more than you have ever been able to do."—*Detroit Free Press.*


If you need a bracer in the morning try a glass of soda and a little of Abbott's Bitters. You'll be surprised how it will brighten you up.


### NECESSARY INFORMATION.

*Professor* (examining medical student)—"If you are called out to a patient what is the first question you would ask?"

*Medical student*—"Where he lives."—*Exchange.*

### SPOKE THE LANGUAGE.

*Lawson*—"How do you know she is a college girl?"

*Dawson*—"Because when she first saw Niagara Falls, she exclaimed, 'Gosh! Ain't they too awfully bully for anything!'"—*Somerville Journal.*

### A GLOOMY VIEW OF IT.

*Mrs. H.*—"I saw a book to-day, Harry, I thought of getting you for a birthday present. It was entitled 'How To Be Happy Though Married.'"

*Mr. H.*—"My dear, you know I never read fiction."—*Illustrated Bits.*


# IVER JOHNSON
SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

In these days of stress, men do things that they would never do in normal times. Guard against marauders by having a good but a safe revolver.

The things you can do to an Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver without discharging it would keep you busy all day. The one thing you can't do to it is—fire it in any other way whatever than by pull-the trigger.

Handsome in appearance, made in many styles—like a rifle for accuracy—hard-hitting and speedy—but always safe to handle.

Send for "SHOTS," a booklet about absolutely safe revolvers, and our illustrated catalogue of superior firearms

**Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver** 3-in. barrel, nickel-plated finish, 22 rim-fire cartridge, 32-38 center-fire cartridge **$6**

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**Makers of Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Iver Johnson Truss Bridge Bicycles**



# Special to Pipe Smokers

Will you invest a dollar in the best smoking tobacco ever blended?

The outgrowth of over one hundred years' experience in preparing smoking tobaccos is our new brand "Orchid." It is so different from any tobacco that you can buy from the usual dealer that we want to introduce it in a special way to smokers of discriminating tastes.

# Orchid SMOKING TOBACCO

**retails at $3 a pound.** It's as high in quality as any tobacco that can be bought. To bring it to the attention of men who will appreciate its fine flavor and bouquet, we will fill all mail orders that are accompanied by this advertisement at the *special price of $1.00 per half-pound.*

In consideration of this special price we ask only that in ordering you mention the name of the dealer you usually patronize. We are seeking smokers who *know* good tobacco and at this introductory price our offer is an unusual tobacco bargain.

*Write to-day—accompanying your order with cash, check or money order, and you will receive by return mail a full half-pound of the best tobacco you ever smoked. Address*

**FRISHMUTH BRO. & CO.,**
**18th St. and Lehigh Ave.,**
**Philadelphia, Pa.**

*The Oldest Independent Tobacco Manufacturers in the Country.*



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*By F. V. Cory.*

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UNREQUITED LOVE

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25 cents.

JUDGE COMPANY
225 FOURTH AVE. NEW YORK


### THE UNREQUITED LOVE

They say the
Baby's clinging love
Is likened best
To heaven above.

Of heaven's delights
I have a doubt;
I'd say, off-hand,
To cut it out.

### KING EDWARD'S FAVORITE COCKTAIL CONTAINS ANGOSTURA BITTERS.

In an article "How Royalty Dines," it appears that while King Edward is extremely abstemious in regard to liquid refreshments, he displays considerable individuality of taste in this respect, which is curiously exemplified in the case of a cocktail of his own invention, the composition of which is as follows:

A little rye whiskey,
Some crushed ice,
A small square of pineapple,
A piece of lemon peel,
A few drops of maraschino,
A few drops of Champagne,
A dash of ANGOSTURA BITTERS,

and sufficient powdered sugar to bring the cocktail exactly to the royal requirements.

### TO BE ON TIME.

*Master*—"John!"

*Servant*—"Yes, sir."

*Master*—"Be sure to tell me when it is four o'clock."

*Servant*—"Yes, sir."

*Master*—"Don't forget it. I promised to meet my wife at 2.30, and she'll be provoked if I'm not there when she arrives."—*Tit-Bits.*


If you drink champagne because it's good,
You're sure to drink the "Brotherhood."
But if you drink it for a bluff,
Then imported is good enough.
The wine says the rest.

BROTHERHOOD CHAMPAGNE is made from grapes grown in the oldest vineyard in America, situated at Washingtonville, Orange County, N. Y.

*By James Montgomery Flagg.*

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A CONTENTED FOOL

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AND IN THE WATERS UNDER THE EARTH

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PAPER WAREHOUSE
Nos. 32, 34, and 36 Bleecker Street
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ALL KINDS OF PAPER MADE TO ORDER.

Some men seem to think it is better to have loved and married than never to have loved at all.—*Chicago News.*

GIVE AND TAKE.

"Have you inquired whether your prospective son-in-law's title is genuine?"

"No," answered Mr. Cumrox. "He has very graciously refrained from evincing any curiosity as to whether my money is tainted."—*Washington Star.*

USED TO IT.

"Dear," said the melancholy wife, "if you die first you will wait for me there on that far shore, won't you?"

"I guess so," replied her husband with a yawn. "I've always had to wait for you wherever I go."—*Catholic Standard.*

WELL COACHED.

*Teacher*—"How old are you, Willie?"
*Willie*—"I'm five at home, six at school, and four in the cars."—*Exchange.*

A useful thing about building a house is you learn better than ever to do it again.

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

¶ Do you ever make investments in Wall Street securities? Do you ever buy or sell stocks or bonds? If so, do not fail to read "Jasper's Hints to Money-makers" every week in "Leslie's Weekly," in which questions regarding stocks and bonds are honestly and conservatively answered, and hints given as to the outlook in the stock market from week to week. This is the most reliable financial department published in the United States, and thousands have testified in writing that it has either made or saved them money.

¶ Buy a copy of "Leslie's Weekly" at your newsdealer's for ten cents, and see for yourself, or send in a three months' trial subscription to "Leslie's Weekly" for $1.00, which will give you the right to free answers to any questions regarding stocks and bonds which you may ask.

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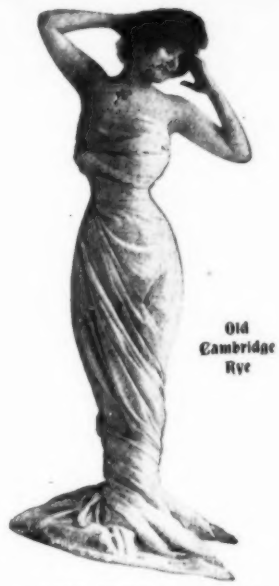


"GOOD THINGS OF LIFE"

SIMON BROS., WHISKIES, Louisville, Ky.

Pears'

The skin welcomes Pears' Soap. It gently cleanses, freshens and beautifies. Never irritates nor acts harshly.

Have you used Pears' Soap?

Get it anywhere.

### OF HER OWN ACCORD.

The day the doctor called to treat little Kitty for a slight ailment, it was only by the most persistent persuasion that he succeeded in getting the child to show him her tongue.

A few days subsequent to this the child said to her mother, "Ma, the doctor don't have to tease me to obey him any more?"

"Why not?"

"'Cause every time I see him going by the house now, I stick my tongue out at him!"—*Lippincott's.*

**Only One "BROMO QUININE"**

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

### ACCOMMODATIONS NEEDED.

"But why do you wish so many closets?" asked the puzzled architect.

"I want you to understand," replied the lady, with dignity, "that if our family isn't very old it has more skeletons than any other in the social bunch."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

### AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

If you wish to raise a good crop of bachelor's buttons, it will first be necessary to see that there are no widow's weeds in the vicinity.

A good hay-rake has about fifteen teeth—dependent, of course, on the age of the rake.

Do not drain off your swamp land. Plant tadpoles and raise frogs, and ship the hops to Milwaukee. Here we may say that the hop is somewhat larger than the skip, though not so large as the jump.—*Exchange.*

### THE BEGINNING OF KNOWLEDGE.

"Then you really don't believe that a man is ever too old to learn?"

"Certainly not. I've known men to get married at the age of seventy-five or more."—*Catholic Standard.*

# AS OTHERS SEE US.

## *Roosevelt as Seen by English Cartoonists.*

THE STATIONARY CRUSADER.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—"Follow me!" (or 35,000 words to that effect).
[See the President's Message to Congress.]—*Punch.*

WHAT WILL BECOME OF ROOSEVELT WHEN HIS TERM OF OFFICE IS CONCLUDED?

Will a music-hall syndicate offer him a three-years' engagement in Europe at £500 a week, for a fifteen-minutes' turn of bronco-busting, revolver-shooting, etc.?

Will the Bishop of London, in recognition of his muscular Christianity, give him a curacy in the Shadwell or Wapping district, with the prospect of working his way up the river to something better?

Will he become a city alderman and eventually rise to the title and dignity of Sir Theodore Roosevelt, Bart., Lord Mayor of London?

Or will he accept an invitation from the Emperor of Sahara to act as deputy Emperor, under the name of Tedi Rozuv-el-Tin, during his Majesty's visits to Paris?

—*Punch's Almanack for 1908.*

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The

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### CERTAINLY—OR A DIVORCE.

Some romantic people think that just because a novel winds up with a marriage, it has a happy ending.—*Ex.*

The most conspicuous case of trusting faith that has come to the Penciler's attention lately is that of the little Somerville girl who planted a lot of bird-seed in a flower-pot last week, in the hope of raising a canary.—*Somerville Journal.*

Collars and Cuffs

"BARKER BRAND"

MADE OF LINEN

1/4 SIZES 15¢ TWO FOR 25¢ 3/4 SIZES

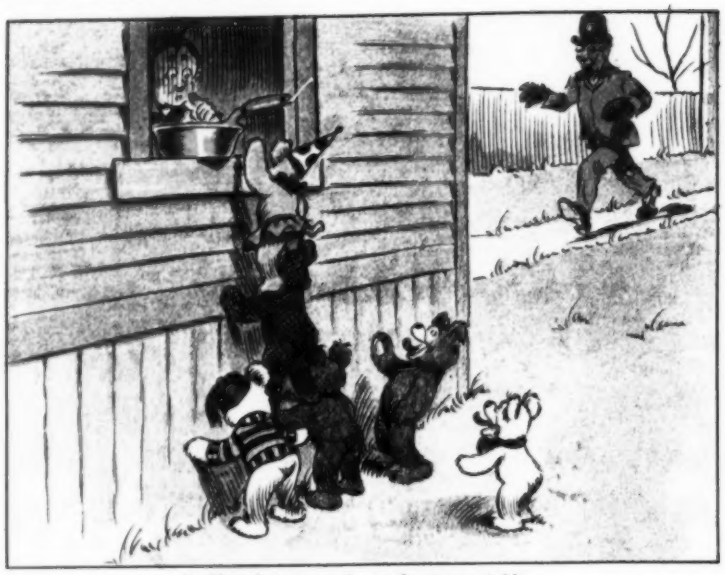
Still a mottoless coin will go further than a coinless motto.—*Omaha Bee.*

Judge

# LITTLE JOHNNY AND THE TEDDY BEARS.

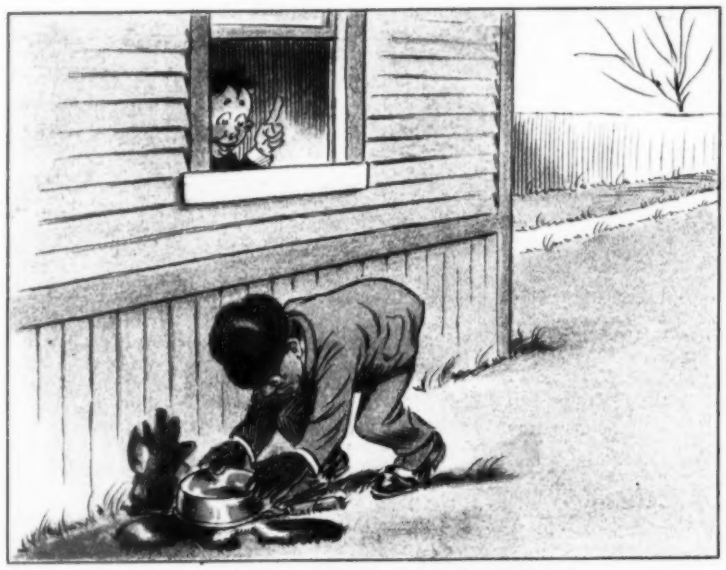
THEY MAKE SOME CANDY, BUT, ALAS! IT ONLY GOES TO FEED THE GRASS.

1. "The candy will be finished soon,"
Says John, and tests it with a spoon.
Each hungry Teddy licks his lips,
Glad with anticipatory sips.

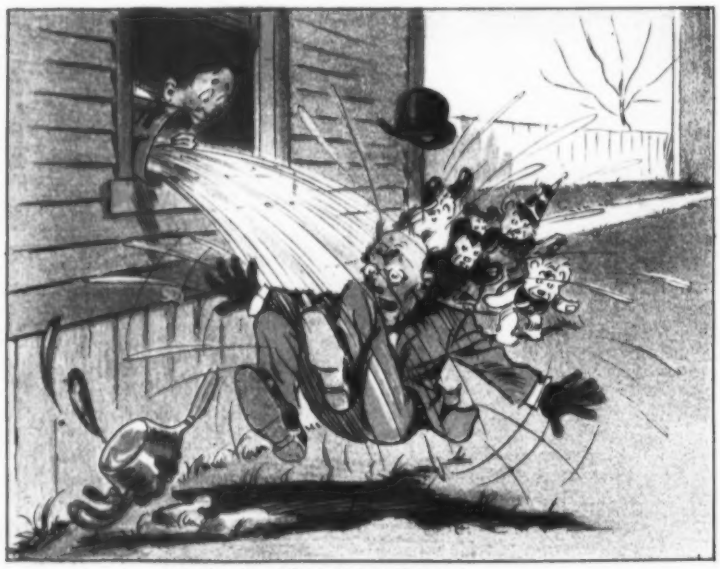


2. They hate to wait, as they were told,
Until the candy 's hard and cold,
But slyly linger 'round until
John 's gone and left it on the sill.

3. They'd almost reached the sweets on high
When Johnny's father happened by.
He saw that they were bent on theft,
And rushed to rescue what was left.



4. John hears the noise, and quick declares
He'll punish all those Teddy Bears.
" I think they must be just below.
I'll souse them well before they go."



5. Alas for Johnny's just desire,
His dad receives the deluge dire!
The Teds around the corner peer
And gayly shout, " Oh, look who's here!"

6. Poor John too late the truth perceives—
He's punished father, not the thieves.
For once the Teddy Bears escape
And leave their playmate in his scrape.

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